



# MARYKNOLL

## THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER  
1939





# MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions, which includes two societies, one for priests and Brothers and the other for Sisters. Including candidates, the two groups total 1,224.

Central headquarters for both societies are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California.

The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as a national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911.

In seven large areas of the Orient — in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea — Maryknollers are laboring among 20,000,000 pagan souls.

The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is *The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.* That of the Maryknoll Sisters is *The Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc.*

## THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1939 (Vol. XXXIII, No. 12)



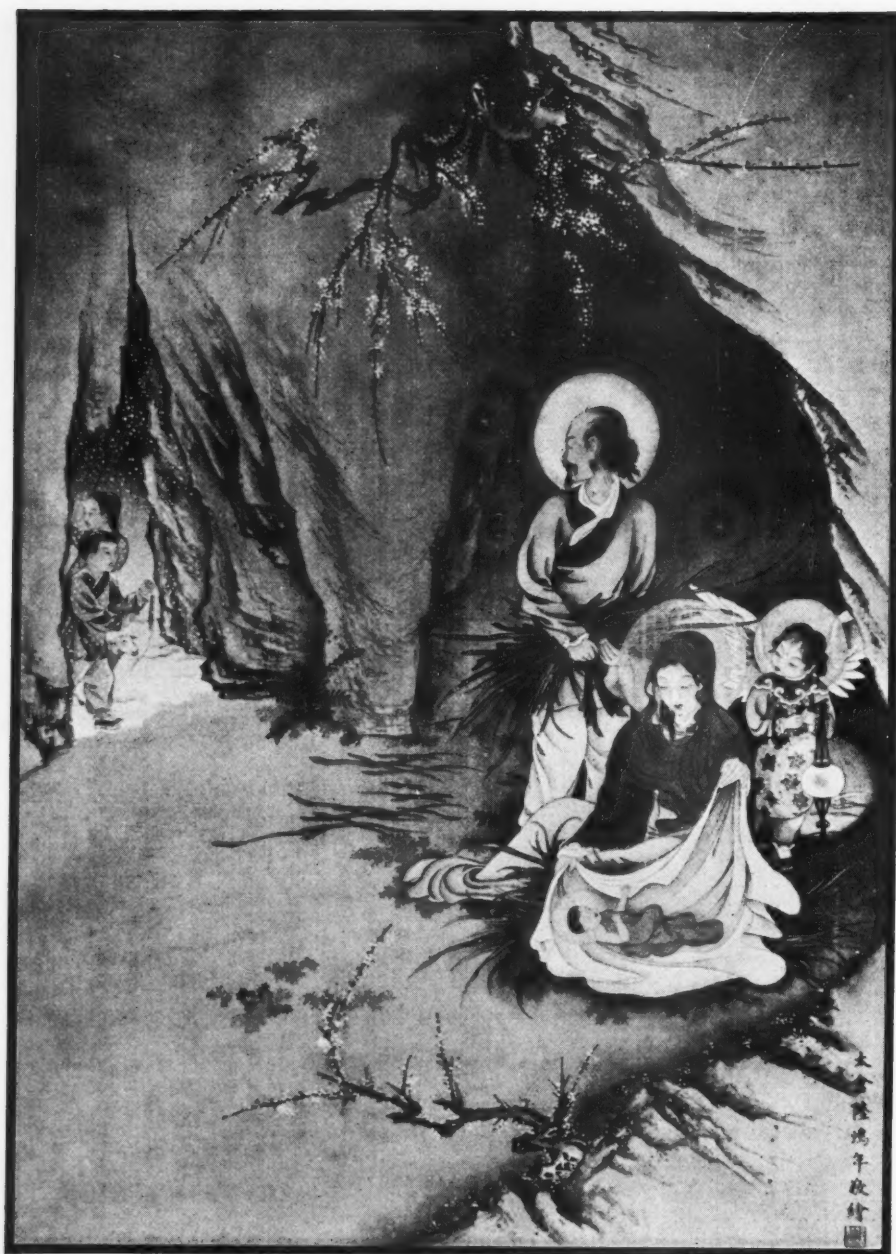
### Our Cover

"And she . . . wrapped him up in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger."

Talk of the Missions.....	Rev. John C. Murrett	323
Star in the East.....	Paul Roberts	324
A Lesson for the World.....	V. Rev. John J. Considine	326
God's Lambs.....	Maryknoll Diaries	328
Joseph Journeys Again.....	V. Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan	331
December Knolls .....		332
Editorials .....		334
Christmas Gifts for the Christ Child.....		336
Little Sister.....	Rev. Joseph P. McGinn	338
We Ran Out of Straw.....	Maryknoll Sisters' Page	340
On the Maryknoll Newsfront.....	Father Winthrop	342
Charlie Stumps the Curate.....	Rev. William F. Pheur	344
Christmas Feast.....	Rev. Stanislaus F. Ziemba	345
Our World of Missions.....	V. Rev. John J. Considine	346
Among Our Friends.....		348
Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau.....		350
Maryknoll Addresses.....		352

**Subscription rates:** \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. *The Field Afar* is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.

← "Angels we have heard" at Maryknoll's school in the City of the Angels



**O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL**  
*A new Christmas picture by Luke Ch'eng*



# TALK OF THE MISSIONS

## EDUCATION IN SOUTH INDIA

For economic reasons municipal authorities were forced to close a girls' high school at Bagadara and another girls' school at Ottopalam, two important centers in the Calicut (India) diocese that were without either church or a resident priest. Deprived of the normal means of education for their children, a number of the inhabitants appealed for assistance to the bishop of Calicut, who at once sent the Carmelite Sisters to do teaching work there.



As the nuns required both a church and a chaplain, the necessary arrangements had to be made to supply these needs. Not only was there no opposition on the part of the inhabitants, but to show their gratitude to the nuns they offered a suitable building, free of rent, to serve the purposes of the new convent school.

## CHANGSHA RELIEF

Because of a shortage of funds the missionaries in Changsha, Hunan, China, feared that they could continue their relief work for but two or three months more. What is described by eyewitnesses as tantamount to a miracle of Divine Providence, however, has rewarded and aided their heroic charity. The unselfish devotion of the missionaries made so profound an impression on the people that an un hoped-for number of gifts—mostly from non-Christians—have enabled them to continue for eight months, with prospects of unabated progress in the future.

## OLDEST TRANSLATION

One of the great libraries of the world, containing rare Chinese manuscripts, records of early missionary efforts, and first translations of the Bible into Oriental languages, is being catalogued at the renowned Pei Tang Cathedral, Peiping.

This historic library has gone through several fires and the Boxer Uprising of 1900; at one time part of the

collection was buried during an anti-Christian period. Many rare volumes were lost as a result of these disasters.

Outstanding in the collection are the translations into Chinese, Mongol, and Manchu, of the Missal, the Ritual, the Breviary, and the Bible—the only Catholic version, and the oldest translation into Chinese in manuscript form.

## CHRISTIAN ART

On a recent visit to Rome, Archbishop Paul Marella, Apostolic Delegate in Tokyo, brought with him from Japan a couple of modern Japanese paintings.

In one, Madame Koscki depicted a Japanese Christian lady, of days gone by, on the eve of her martyrdom, kneeling before a crucifix in the act of writing her will. There is nothing grim about the manner in which the artist has depicted this poignant scene. On the contrary, the whole composition reflects a wonderful spirit of peaceful serenity. The other picture, from the brush of the well-known Japanese artist, Shuho Yamada, represents Our Lady of Lourdes. It was painted for a lady who wanted a picture in the form of a *hakemono*—a silk scroll to hang on the wall of a room. The design is in perfect harmony with Japanese conceptions of interior house decoration.

## A DREAM COMES TRUE

One night twenty years ago a nurse in Chicago had a dream in which she found herself in the midst of hundreds of smiling and crying infants. Reflection on the dream brought with it to Miss Mary Hubrick the urge to devote her life to the thousands of homeless waifs in China. In 1924 she opened a dispensary in Wuchang, which attracted the notice of Bishop Espelage. The bishop asked the young lady to found a community of native Chinese girls to help in the work. She did, and in fifteen years this group of young women had baptized forty thousand infants and given medical aid to four hundred and eighty-six thousand patients.



**B**UT I have to get over to the Island before midnight!"

"Then you should have started a couple of weeks ago," was the rather ungracious reply. "There's been a lot of sea out there during the past fortnight, and this old tub can't stand night life the way she used to."

"None of the other rivermen around here will attempt it, either. Come now, can't you see the predicament I'm in? Can't you suggest some way for me to get across to Sancian?"

"Sorry, sir. Come back again in the morning, and we'll get you over there in a hurry."

"Hi there, Cap! What are you selling now?" called a cheery voice through the dusk.

"Hello, Doc! This gentleman here is looking for a *Queen Mary* to ferry him over to Sancian. You haven't stumbled over one lately, have you?"

"No, all the boys are going to bed early tonight—getting ready for Santa Claus, I guess."

This wharf trio whom strange circumstances had brought together in the port of Hong Kong on Christmas Eve were: Captain O'Neill, from the north of Ireland, navigator of the South China Sea for the past twenty years; Doctor Harris Barlow, recently out from the Canadian College of Surgeons, acquiring practical experience on the Oriental battlefield; and the third, an American missionary, Reverend Joseph J. Weber, who had been serving as one of several chaplains among the refugees on the mainland, and was now striving—rather unsuccessfully—to return to his mission post on Sancian Island in time to say the Midnight Mass for his little flock. A woolen scarf wrapped around



## STAR IN THE EAST

THREE MEN IN THE EAST, a faith-bringing child, and the South China Sea are the elements of this story by **Paul Roberts**

his neck for protection against the elements had concealed his clerical garb.

Father Weber was beginning to show signs of anxiety. The minutes were speeding by, while he remained just as far away from the Island as when he had begun negotiations two hours earlier. He must do something,

but what? No one would rent him a boat, and he could not afford to buy one. But neither could he deprive his new converts of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He would try pricking the captain's pride (a stock of this little commodity was quite apparent in the old seafarer's blustering manner).

"It's not because you wouldn't risk these little ripples, is it? I mean, you wouldn't be a bit—er—timid, perhaps?"

In silent and haughty reply to this challenge, the captain climbed into the little steamer and was in such an all-of-a-sudden hurry to be off, that his passenger-elect was in danger of being left on land.

"I think I'll enjoy a little cruise myself," was the surprise announcement of the doctor as he nimbly jumped aboard with the priest.

For a while after they were out, the rough going made conversation impossible. Fortunately the crew were adept, and soon the boat was directed to calmer waters, where tongues loosened and naturally their talk turned to things nautical. "And yet the sea has failed in its purpose for so many!" remarked the priest.

"How so?" questioned Doctor Barlow.

"In that it does not speak to them of God."

At the mention of the word, the doctor made an impatient gesture. "God!" He repeated the name with a touch of disdain. "Are you one of the benighted few who still believe in one?"

"Don't you?"

"No, I do not!" Then he added belligerently, "Why should I?"

"How can you not believe in Him?" asked Father Weber.

"It was not long ago that I heard a bishop speaking before an audience over there [pointing to the shore they had left], and I think the answer to your 'Why should I?' was well expressed in words something to this effect: 'Every day you gaze upon the luminous sky of this favored spot, the shimmering jade of the South China Sea, the contour of a cloud, the miracle of a tree; but do you know that all these created beauties are but the hem of His garment, so many hints and glimpses and gleams of His own infinite beauty that were designed to speak to us of His presence?'"

Gradually—almost imperceptibly—the features of the atheist softened, as the melodious phrases fell from the priest's lips. He did thrill to Beauty—there was a responsive note. But what now, the priest asked himself. Should he continue, or—

"Click, click," the wireless interrupted.

"Ship in distress four knots south by southeast," interpreted the captain tersely. Without losing a second, he continued to call out orders to his companions, "Heavy on your right—follow that star in the east."

The priest started involuntarily at the familiar words, so apropos now—in a sense. It was Christmas; they were three men following a star in the east. Presently, the star they followed was close—so close that they saw it was not a star at all, but a spotlight attached to a big dark hulk. The disabled vessel was tipped at a crazy angle—as though caught in a nose dive, with the bow completely submerged.

Came a voice from the ship, "Can you take us aboard?"

"How many are you?"

"Only six—and a child. The others have all gone under. The child is sick."

Now it was the doctor's turn; and, immediately, he was all the professional man—"Let me see the baby!"

Simultaneously the three men sensed the situation. They were on a sort of pirate ship, manned by a Chinese crew.

Among a heap of old quilts they beheld the child—a fair-haired,

brown-eyed baby about two months old.

The experienced eye of the priest detected the unmistakable signs of death even before the doctor finished his hurried examination.

Removing a little vial from his pocket, Father Weber poured the water over the tiny ringlets, repeating the words of eternal salvation: "Francis Xavier, I baptize thee . . ."

IT was not until many hours later that the three men found time to talk over the wondrous events of the previous night.

They were all thinking of the little boy each had played a part in saving—for God. He had "gone home" at daybreak, and was quick to pay his debt of gratitude to the captain by obtaining for the old tar the grace of receiving the sacraments again after a quarter of a century.

Suddenly the doctor asked, as

though there had been no interruption in the conversation, "Do you remember what else he said about—Beauty?"

"Yes! You see," rather apologetically, "I wrote it down at the time: 'Can you see that Beauty in less likely places? Can you look at the lotus and forget the slime? Can you look past the dirt and detect the smile on the face of the beggar child' (or a kidnaped child?), 'and do you know that no beauty of earth or sky was ever so divine as an act of charity? . . . Love and Beauty—these are the prizes of life.'"

"Wrested from the unfathomable depth of the sea," murmured the doctor.

"You mean—" began the priest.

"Yes. It happened out there"—with a gesture towards the sea—"last night. I was fighting for more than the child's physical life. I was fighting for Love—Beauty—God."



*They were on a pirate ship, manned by a Chinese crew.*



## A Lesson for the World

YOU HAVE A VOICE," a Protestant friend once remarked to our Father Considine during his years in Rome. But more than a voice—a sacred actor who, with St. Peter's as his stage, teaches us in solemn drama a lesson in the unity of all men.

**A** FRIEND, a Protestant missionary from Hankow, went with me to the Vatican some years ago.

"I envy you," he said at last. "You have something the want of which in these grave days leaves us Protestants weak indeed.

"You have a voice. I have watched things while in China. The Communists attack all that is fine, and because they make themselves heard, everybody in every land who wishes to be destructive, who wishes to fight religion and discipline of every sort, rallies to them.

"We Protestants for a while were heard in China and in other countries,

but we are divided and our best men are becoming discouraged.



*His Holiness, Pope Pius XII*

"Now, because so many people tremble at the ominous signs of the growing strength of those who oppose religion and all true freedom, earnest men of every belief are looking for leaders who are strong, who seem to know where they are going, who inspire confidence that right will prevail.

"Their greatest hope, many have concluded, lies in the Holy Father. The greatest bulwark, not only of Christianity, but of every institution in the world which stands for right ideals, is the Catholic Church. In your Church men do not sit long hours about a table arguing on how to begin. The millions receive from your Supreme Pontiff elevated messages, serene and noble in their tenor, which point the way unhesitatingly."

I made no reply. I recall as if it were but yesterday my mute appraisal of this distressed traveler from the East, so profoundly moved by his reflections on the greatness of the



Papacy. I chose not to break the spell of the thought which enthralled him. I glanced up quietly, almost covertly, at the apartments of the Pope and whispered to myself, "May the Lord give many others the light to see that, if the best in mankind is to triumph, all men must follow the Church's heaven-sent leader."

**POPE** Pius XI ruled the Vatican that morning. As a strong champion of right, he qualified perfectly. Under him the Papacy assumed greater prestige than it has ever attained since the Reformation. Indeed, the voice of no Pope in the two thousand years of the Christian era has been listened to by so many tens of millions—due first of all, it is true, to the radio and modern communications, but due also to the power of the great churchman himself.

In our troubled times, the thinking men of the world, whether in the Church or, like my Hankow friend, among Christians outside the Church, or among non-Christians in the great areas where the Church has not yet been established, feel their inadequacy. They continue for the most part to be ignorant of each other, to let petty prejudice keep them cold and distant toward each other, to cling, even while sinking, to their stupid heritage of hates which makes them despise and disdain most other peoples and great portion of their own.

Nevertheless, the distress of the world leads them as earnest men to search keenly for every source of strength and encouragement. Hence the particular forcefulness of the lessons of the Great White Shepherd.

We have today that arrogant impulse of arrogant men to set themselves up as better than their fellows, to indulge in exaggerated nationalism. The fight against this is a good instance of what the Popes have done to provide sound and creative leadership.

*A subscription to The Field Afar makes an excellent all-year gift.*

Pope Pius XI for years set forth the doctrine of the essential unity of the human race. On July 17, 1938, we witnessed the phenomenon of *The New York Times* carrying on its front page an exposition by the Holy Father of the Church's teaching on the spiritual equality of all men. Why this prominence? Because non-Catholics and non-Christians recognized the

The Popes, then, have not merely indulged in fine words. They have acted efficaciously that men might realize this essential equality.

**I**N October, 1926, Pope Pius XI consecrated six Chinese bishops. In October, 1928, he consecrated a Japanese bishop; and in June, 1933, he consecrated three Chinese, an Annamite, and an Indian. All this was intended as evidence of an enduring conviction that the peoples of every nation were capable of assuming places of equal dignity and responsibility in the world brotherhood within the Church.

Now Pope Pius XII continues this policy and makes a new gesture more striking than any that have preceded. Pope Pius XI elected and brought to Rome leaders from countries of Asia. Pope Pius XII now chooses twelve sons from every race and quarter of the globe and consecrates them in a single ceremony in order that in still more signal manner he may emphasize this unity of all men.

Of the twelve, one is from the African continent and is of pure Negro stock. One is from Madagascar, off the coast of Africa, and is of the stock of the peoples of the South Seas. One is from India; one a son of China. Six are from different countries of Europe, bound for widely separated lands of the mission world. Two are from the United States.



**Most Reverend William F. O'Shea, M.M., D.D.,  
Vicar Apostolic of Heijo, Korea, and Titular  
Bishop of Naisso**

aptness of this teaching as an answer for the mad extremists who insisted that their particular people were supreme in the world and that all others were to be regarded as inferior. Protestants, Jews, Hindus, and Buddhists felt instinctively that in this seemingly new pronouncement of the sage of the Vatican was the wise and just solution for the rivalries among nations and races. The Church, through the Popes, today stands aloft as the great protagonist of the rights of men.

We of the Church in America may feel particularly interested in these last two, but not because they belong to us. Rather is it because they remind us that we belong to the great family of peoples who cover the earth. One, Bishop Morrow of the Salesians, will head a Vicariate in India. The second, Bishop O'Shea of Maryknoll, will govern a mission field in Korea. As they kneel shoulder to shoulder with the other ten before Pope Pius XII, they testify to our union and our unity with all mankind.

# GOD'S LAMBS

in the mission fields, remembering Christmas night, share with our readers these delightful memories.



**G**OD'S little lambs in His own Orient enjoy Christmas very much; the spiritual side of the feast is much more emphasized than it is in other parts of the globe. From several diaries we have gathered accounts of Christmas celebrations:

## *From Yeungkong*

Sister Richard reported:

"Our big family Christmas-tree party took place at the convent this year, and there was never a happier party. We gathered our charges together, and it was like a real *Cratchet* Christmas: the old and the young, the blind, the lame and halt, each dressed in Sunday best, found room to crowd in around the tree. First came eight little ones with wide-open eyes; in the next row sat our new choir, ten little blind girls; then our ten big blind girls and three cripples. In box seats running along the side of the room sat our grannies in state (aged seventy to ninety years), and on high chairs in the back were our faithful helpers — five strong — and last but not least dear old Mrs. Mok (Yeungkong's pensioned catechist,

aged eighty-four years), with her adopted grandson Richard, aged eleven years.

"I wish you could have seen the happy faces when Santa passed out gifts for everyone. Grannies were decked out in black velvet bonnets, made from some nice society lady's cast-off gown (by the way, we are looking for another such, as there

wasn't enough for all). Those who did not receive a bonnet received new foos, and all received a new towel woven by Teresa at the orphanage. The blind children each got a padded waistcoat and a towel. The waistcoats were made by Helen, aged sixteen, out of beautiful samples of woolen material sent to us last summer by Sister St. Teresa. They are a welcome addition to the children's wardrobe, especially since the cold weather is with us. The rest of our children were delighted to find a new suit for each, with towels and a surprise box, which came from the Carmelite Sisters at Stanley."

From still further south we learn that

## *In Manila*

the Maryknoll Sisters arrange, every year, a Christmas party for the poor children of the city. "Since chimneys are rarities, Santa appears at first on a balcony, and later (if there is no danger of his being mobbed) he descends the stairs. When things become a little too hectic for him, he returns to the balcony and distributes his gift over the railing. Most of the



*While the angel slept*

children are in our catechism classes—they will know no other visit of good Saint Nicholas. Each receives a clean suit or dress, some games, and a bag of candy or cookies. A bag of rice is also included for Mama. All is donated by the good people of the city. We could scarcely picture the snowy, holly-and-pine scene back home. Here the temperature is ninety degrees. Nevertheless we feel that bond of union which links all Maryknollers."

But atmospheric conditions in Manchukuo are much more according to our idea of Christmas. Father John Fisher was but three months old in the Chinese tongue when the feast day arrived.

#### *At Antung*

"Fresh-fallen snow and a zero air gave the time-old storybook setting! The sleepy thoroughfare might have wondered why two hundred and fifty people and more came reverently at midnight. I wondered where they would all fit.

"Japanese and Koreans of all ages were crowded into the tiny room, and something like a reverent subway-train confusion prevailed, especially at Communion time when all sought a path to the altar! Twenty-five of them were receiving their God for the first time. They had been baptized before Mass. But they all found room in a little 'inn' like that where the Christmas Babe found 'no room' many Christmas Days ago! Mass over, a greeting and request at the crib, a scramble at the door for their shoes, and soon almost all were homeward bound.

"I was trying to pray when the last little pop-eyed tots goo-gooed from their blanket-wound cots on their mothers' backs. With so much more room, why shouldn't they feel at ease! They were spread out on the floor, now, while their mothers prayed on. I had some cookies to keep them quiet. Perhaps I should not have been looking, but the last one dropped his by the crib when he said 'Good night.' I'm sure the Divine Playmate in the crib smiled back a blessing and 'Peace to the East.'"

*A sponsor a day! Christmas will be full of joy to the missionary who has such assurance. See page 344.*

#### *In Korea*

Father Allie, of Kosai, began noticing things on the day before Christmas. "Toward noon the catechumens who were to be baptized in the afternoon came trooping in. They were to have a preliminary examination in the doctrine before receiving the sacrament. It was good to see these first fruits of missionary effort—one little candidate, resplendent in her pink ensemble, a poor little mother who had so much difficulty in learning the catechism, came through with flying colors. There she was in line with the others, eager and visibly happy. The baby on her back, an attractive little imp, was surprisingly quiet as the ceremony

proceeded, peering out at the pastor with curious eyes as the rite was performed.

"Willing hands decorated the chapel simply but tastefully. One of the newly baptized brought in several pine trees for the altar and one for the rectory. We decided to have a Christmas tree even though we had no decorations to put on it. The tree was small and scraggy. The few branches it had were far apart and all on one side. There was a bit of bunting left over from the chapel decorations, so we used that and last year's Christmas cards for ornaments. By hanging these on wires from the branches, a good effect was obtained. We made a star from silver foil to put at the very top. Little religious cards which some parochial school children had sent us were tied on, too. They were cleverly framed in braided colored papers and added a bright touch. We had no tinsel, no



*He dropped his cookie by the crib when he knelt there to say "Good night."*

electric lights, or any of the various decorations so dear to Westerners at Christmas time, but in spite of the lack of all these modern improvements we think our tree very attractive. It is the first one of its kind seen in these parts.

"Towards night it grew very, very cold. We have no thermometer, so we take our cold by guess. The next morning we were up earlier than usual in order to get our Masses finished before the Christians came in for confession. The pastor was to sing the High Mass, and our little choir was on the *qui vive* to do its best. We had learned the Mass of the Angels, besides some Korean hymns for the occasion, and were anxious to display our repertoire. Things went off according to schedule, and the chapel was filled. I believe the youngsters were too anxious or too curious; they didn't do their best. There is always a lot to watch during a High Mass, especially if you've never seen one before. Then, too, Mass in Korea on a feast day is always eventful. In the early afternoon we had an entertainment for the assembled Christians. The school children presented several little acts. There was fancy



*Santa leans down, not from a chimney, but from the balcony above.*

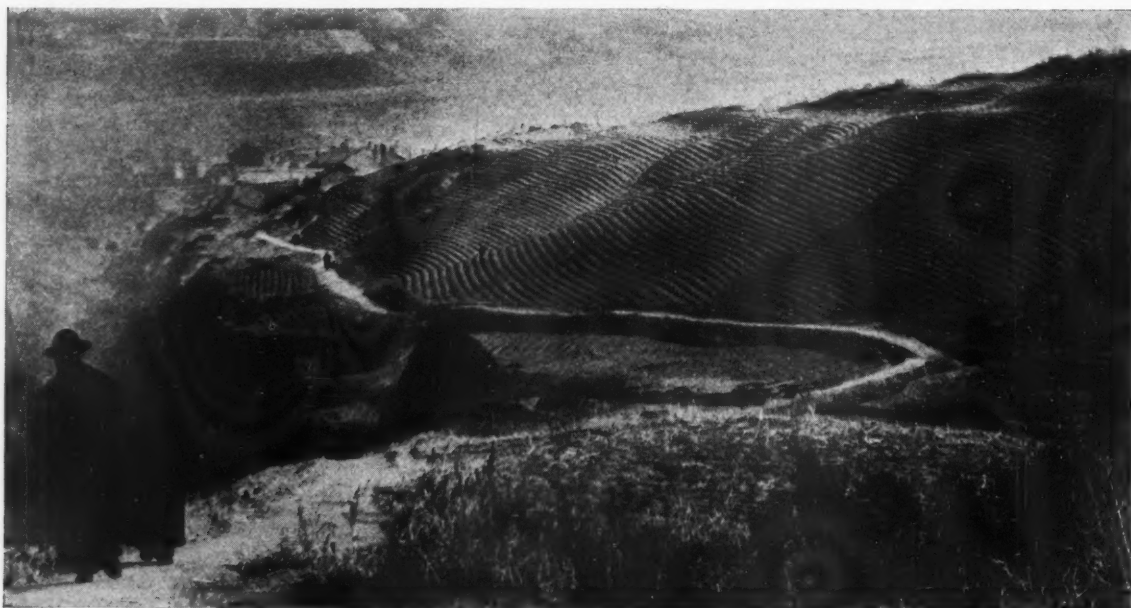
dancing—and when we say fancy, we mean it. It was almost a *Ballet Russe* at times. Of course, there were off moments when the intricacy of the dance was unknown even to the dancers, but that made it more interesting to the spectators.

"There were other acts. The setting was very Elizabethan in that there was no scenery, and prompting

was done by all the members of the cast, aided and abetted by some of the audience. The program wound up with a gift of a holy card and some confection made of candied rice to all the children and grownups. Everybody was happy. Christmas had been a pleasant day for all in spite of the cold. The people bundled up and started for home before darkness set in.

"Night came on as night will even on Christmas Day. After evening prayers some of the Christians from the neighborhood dropped in. We played the *Adeste Fideles* for them on the gramophone. They understood and enjoyed this, but when we got out the *Nutcracker Suite* of Tschai-kowsky I'm afraid they didn't appreciate the significance of this bit of Christmas music. Stifling a yawn, they politely bade us a cheery good night. We were happy to be alone to talk over the events of the day and listen to a bit more of good music.

"Baptisms, Christmas Masses, a native entertainment, meeting many of the Christians for the first time, all contributed to make this, my first Christmas Day on the missions, a very happy one."



*"The people bundled up and started for home before darkness set in."*



# Joseph Journeys Again



Joseph—the aged gatekeeper

**F**ATHER PAUL felt that this Christmas was one of the happiest in his life. Among

the poor, simple peasants of an isolated mountain village far from the mission center, he was to re-enact in the Holy Sacrifice the great drama of the coming of Christ into the world. It was as close to the setting of Bethlehem as possible—the mud-walled chapel with the straw roof, the poorly clad devout worshipers for all the world like the shepherds of old. And there was Joseph, like his heavenly namesake, beaming with angelic devotion as he served the three Masses.

Joseph was the aged gatekeeper at the bishop's residence, and his name was a household word on the lips of every person in the little community—from the bishop down to the water boy.

When Father Paul was about to set out for this distant mountain village so that the Catholics could celebrate Christmas, it was Joseph who unexpectedly decided that he would go along in place of the regular catechist. Everybody seemed to protest that it was too far, and he was too old, but he was determined. The bishop settled the matter by quietly saying, "Joseph may go."

On Christmas morning the custom-

OLD AGE and years of service had kept Joseph near home. Only a Christmas visitation uprooted him," writes Very Reverend Thomas V. Kiernan, M.M., formerly a missionary in Wuchow.

ary common meal took place, with the elders sharing the main table with the missionary and Jo-

seph. Father Paul suddenly realized that Joseph and not himself was the guest of honor—not that he minded. The village patriarch soon offered an explanation: "Father, our village has been entirely Catholic for many generations. Today we celebrate Joseph's conversion, many tens of years ago. He found the Faith here on Christmas Day. For a long time afterwards he always accompanied the priest here for the feast, but of late years we have seen so little of him—he is getting too old to make the trip. We are very happy to have him with us again. Everyone knows and loves Joseph."

**B**EFORE setting out on the return trip, Joseph took Father Paul to the little crib. "Father," he said, "it is perhaps the last time I shall visit this sacred spot. It has meant so much to me. It was here I found my Faith.

"One day in early winter, a foreigner stopped and spoke to me, asking how much I would charge to carry his baggage three days up the mountains to the old Catholic village. The price settled, we set off the next morning.

"Along the way, I questioned the

missioner—the old bishop, you know—about his religion. What good could it do me? Would I become rich if I joined up? Yes, rich, but not with the goods of this world. 'This religion is all right for you,' I told the Spiritual Father. 'You are a foreigner, and it is yours; but it won't work for me. I'm different; I'm a Chinese.'

"When we arrived at the mountain village, I was treated by all as one of the family. The Christmas crib most interested me, and I asked all sorts of questions. The story seemed so very real to me. Here was a God that I could understand, one who was poor, who suffered privations, who was at home with the lowly."

**J**OSEPH did not fill in much of the rest. On his return, that day many years ago, he underwent instructions and later entered the Church. Then he became the constant companion of the old bishop on his round of visitations to Catholics and converts. Eventually Joseph married, and he and his family, ever exemplary Catholics, took a humble house near the mission. As his children grew up and pros-

(Continued on page 349)



## DECEMBER KNOLLS

**A**N "old" Knoller who had been absent from our hilltop for many years was home again last year for the holidays, and he told us that "Christmas at Maryknoll warms the cockles of your heart as it does no place else in the world." A bit of novel coloring was supplied by two student-electricians, and a Christmas play by another had a real sparkle to it, even though one of the performers could not light the floor lamp.

Basketball went into retirement during the holidays to give place to the Christmas tree set up in the gymnasium. Tissue fireplaces gave out no heat, but habit is a bad thing and some of the students chose a spot close to the crepe-paper bricks for reading their Christmas mail. The midnight carols, the Masses, and the coming of Santa—each in its place added the proper Christmas touch for all.

### *The Venard*

**T**HOUGH the season of Christmas brings to college students visions of home visits, when that festive period pervades The Venard, deeper thoughts well up. While tinsel and holly have their place—indeed, Venarders insist upon them—the heart of Christmas, the Crib of Bethlehem, is never overshadowed. Consequently, when the matter of Christmas decorations made itself felt, the display decided upon was a reconstruction of the scene that was cast some

nineteen hundred years ago against the hills of Judea.

Busy hands cut down birches, busy minds planned the tableau, busy youths brought the necessary paraphernalia for the project. On free afternoons—those precious hours that make a Venarder's life a more enjoyable proposition—earnest young men sacrificed their coveted time to bring the idea to realization. Electricians concerned themselves over wires and attachments, while carpenters built a frame for what would be, in their

opinion, the appropriate setting. With so much time and energy expended, it was no matter for wonder when students beheld, in the recreation hall, a Christmas display ready for admiration one week before school-closing time.

The scene was a cave crannied in a somber gray rock hill. Behind the hill a beautiful blue star-speckled sky (fashioned from crepe paper and illuminated by an ingenious system of lights) provided an inspiring back-



*The Sisters' Motherhouse through an avenue of snow-clad pines*

ground. Far off over the surrounding hills, the Three Wise Men could be seen making their way from the mystic Orient to the birthplace of the new King. Holding the most noticeable position, the manger-crib stood, that privileged couch of wood and straw upon which a God deigned to lay His gentle self. The Christ Child seemed to gaze beyond the holy Virgin, the saintly Joseph, and the humble shepherds, to the eyes of those young men who had cast aside all to carry to lands beyond those gray-tinted hills the gospel of His peace. And we like to think that the memory of the meditation that the little display occasioned made the Christmas of young Maryknollers a happier and holier one.

—F.M.C.

#### *In Memoriam*

**T**HE Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit has not been frequently visited by the Angel of Death, but we record, with regret, the death early in the school year of Raymond Torbeck, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The young student's death followed only a few days of sickness.

After graduating from the parochial grammar school, Raymond enrolled in the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Cincinnati. On completing his course there, he was transferred to The Venard in September, 1938.

Although only eighteen at the time of his death, Raymond had been a member of the Maryknoll family for six years; he was loved and respected by all. His departure caused us grief, yet our consolation is great for we know that he is with God, making constant intercession for us. We ask our readers to remember this student's soul in their prayers.

—H. A. D.

**E**VERY effort and success on the part of the Catholic missionary, even though entirely hidden and unperceived by the world, must be spectacular and crucial in the sight of heaven, because it is this missionary program that is heaven's own recipe to meet the problems of the world.



*Christmas night and the Seminary doorway*



*Our Lady of the Snows at Bedford Novitiate*



*The Venard blanketed in December snow*

# MARYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

*Published by Ecclesiastical Authority  
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly  
(except August).*

Owned by the  
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Peace on earth  
to men of good  
will!

**A** MERRY CHRISTMAS!" is the cry that will leap to millions of lips again this year at the approach of Christ's natal day. It is the echo of the angels' song heard on Judea's hill two thousand years ago: "Glory to God; on earth peace to men of good will." If Christmas is a merry day, it will be because the Christ Child brings peace to men of good will. "Good will to men" is a faulty translation of the angels' message; it is only when men become of good will (God's will) that peace then flows from God to men. Maryknoll wishes to everyone of its members and friends an overflowing measure of Christmas joy which comes from the possession of that peace which God alone can give.

But what of the thousands of millions who will hear no Christmas greeting? To help during Advent by our prayers and sacrifices to make straight the path of the Lord into pagan hearts is surely a preparation that will win for us the blessing of the Babe of Bethlehem.

**S**HOULD you like to be a missionary as far as in you lies? Do you sympathize with the purpose that brought God down from heaven, raised Him on a cross, keeps Him on our altars? It was the salvation of

souls, and you would like to cooperate in that divine purpose, of course. There is a simple recipe by which you can give souls to God. The day you begin to help a missionary, you become a missionary yourself.

**A** MERICA is not a Catholic country, but it is a kindly and decent land that could easily become one, if it followed its golden heart rather than its befuddled head. It would be hard to find a place on earth where there is more charity and good nature to the square inch, or where the taste and instincts of the general population are more wholesome and humane. It is a country full of natural virtue. It ranks character above possessions, honesty above honors, courage above them all. It works hard, plays hard, and laughs easily. It enjoys a fight and applauds a fighter. It does not love a lord, but it loves a man; and it also respects a woman, while it fairly idolizes a baby. These are its instincts. And it would also love the Catholic Church by the same unerring taste, if it only knew what it is.

**O**NCE upon a time there was an old-fashioned school of thought that hailed the modern age as an era of peace and progress, and looked with pious pity on the simple civilization of the past. Its naïve adherents had no bump of reverence. Unlike the Chinese, who venerated their honorable ancestors in a degree perhaps extreme, they regarded their own luckless forebears as little better than superstitious simpletons. They likewise deprecated the institutions of the past as lacking in culture, including in this disesteem the one institution that had given them the only culture that they themselves possessed. This was the Church, but they had gone

past all that. They had vision, insight, background, outlook, viewpoint, and many another modern tag. But they lacked elementary gratitude and ordinary common sense.

Soldiers of war are still marching, after all the prophecies of peace. Meanwhile, missionaries of the Church also are marching, in the name of the Prince of Peace. Their work remains unheralded and unsung. To their divine plan for the world many still prefer the schemes of mice and men. But serious men realize today that no other effort affords real hope for the world's peace.

**A**S soon as Europe had emerged from barbarism and learned to read, the Church provided universities for its people. It received the usual thanks for this service, the disloyal elements of the Reformation promptly appropriating the existing institutions and attempting to steal the credit for creating them. Yet the Church bore this with equanimity. She is a good mother and is content to do good to her children without expecting too much gratitude. Today she is repeating the experiment in the mission countries, where her university program has made an impressive start but still lacks development. The unspoiled native populations will gladly receive her educational ministrations, and they also have the good grace to thank her for them. So important is this movement deemed by the Holy See that it has been made the mission intention for December.

## A Bishop's Life

in the Orient is compared to that of one in this country by Bishop Francis X. Ford, M.M., Vicar Apostolic of Kaying in South China.

## The Holy Father's Mission Intention for December, 1939:

For the success of Catholic universities  
in mission lands.

**I** THINK the average bishop in America would envy us bishops in China, for even the most patient of them must hanker some time or other for a little of our informality and simplicity of life. To be treated,



for a change, like any other man and to pass whole days of travel unrecognized or, even when recognized, to be taken for granted without fuss; to have a seat in the bus depend on your elbows and not on rank; to sit on benches with seven strangers at a roadside table and dip into the common platters, each for himself and none who has heard of Emily Post; to be expected to help push the weary bus over rough hills too steep for the engine and then go without dinner because of the delay; to be physically tired from a twenty-mile walk and to really taste tea at the end of it—these, offhand, are a few of the downright pleasures rarely possible in America, which I am sure our bishops would enjoy.

#### One Cardinal . . .

I knew one cardinal of my boyhood days who used to bundle himself with sweater and cap and take stiff walks in the pelting rain along the seashore—the only chance the poor man had to escape admiring crowds; while we in China on our mountain trails can smoke a pipe all day without causing the twitching of an eyebrow!

And the informality of our working hours! Doors in subtropical China are left open to encourage any breeze. And it seems to our Catholics so much more reasonable to go direct to the "boss" than to bother writing letters on the settlement of personal affairs, that they step right in and tell their tale, unmindful of others who have preceded them. Fortunately, they like to stand, rather than sit, and their business is soon transacted. So a bishop in China does not lose the contact with his people that he had while pastor; the triviality of the business in question is a help also to keep in touch with realities.

#### Companionship . . .

Above all, a bishop in China enjoys companionship with his priests per-

haps not realized outside mission countries. Where parishes are twenty miles apart and travel wearisome, both priest and prelate have a common bond of lonesomeness that levels the relation. The annual visitation is no formal ritual, but an eagerly sought chance to merely chatter for the first day of the visit, while succeeding days are spent in fairly minute details of budgets, plans, and theological cases to be solved. Perhaps a box of cigars has been bought months in advance just for the occasion, and the bishop is human enough to prolong his stay while they last.



*Angels of heaven, your sweet lays upraise,  
Sing for the Infant and Ancient of Days.*

Confirmation is an added human interest, for most confirmed are adult converts whom the bishop meets informally and whom the pastor is secretly proud of and anxious to bring forward. Vocations are decided on the spot, and the bishop sometimes helps out in the confessional or on sick-calls. Then the nearby out-missions demand a passing visit, and the immediate future plans for them and other villages are discussed; the wages of the cook and catechists, the price of bricks and lumber, are brought out in the casual chats, and rough sketches of future chapels are noted down for action. It is all simple and minute and none of it momentous, but the bishop knows his clergy in a satisfying way.

#### Variety . . .

The role of bishop in China has many other phases that give to the office a variety not found in many other countries. The peculiar danger for any one in charge of operations is to get out of touch with actual conditions and, working very much through bureaus and assistants, to remain aloof from realities.

#### Problems . . .

Of course, the reason for much of his success is the relatively small group he works with and the simplicity of the enterprises that compare only faintly with the complex organization in the dioceses of the Western world. His problems are those of initiating new projects in a small way, and he need not vision too far into the future. Indeed, he is occupied perforce mostly with only the more immediate and pressing of needs, and his struggle is rather to get the infant Church to breathe at all than to worry over its higher education.

#### Apostolic . . .

/ But, though the problems are simple, they are fundamental and vital; and there is a faint aroma of the catacombs about them that connects us

immediately with Peter and Linus and Clement and especially Saint Paul. It is a refreshing thought that somewhere in the world always down the centuries there is a continuous beginning of new ventures that link us with the Apostles. The new-born faith in pagan surroundings gives much more meaning to the ritual in our simple ceremonies; the closeness of contact between bishop and flock makes emphatic the democracy of the Church's organization and her intention to have the laity united with the priest in the building of the Church. It is a relation that is enviable and scarcely possible in more sophisticated circles, but that makes a bishop's role in China, even from the human point of view, fascinating.

# Christmas the Or



*What Will Be  
Your Gift?*



*A church or chapel where  
He may dwell with His  
newly found children?  
Kweilin needs three  
chapels.*



*Send your Christ-  
mas gift to:*

*The Maryknoll Fathers  
Maryknoll P. O.  
New York*



# Gifts for Christ Child

**Make Your  
Choice Now!**



**Would you rather provide for Him through one of His little orphans? Kongmoon and Fushun need funds for numberless children.**



**You might prefer to help make Him better known by supporting a catechist. Kaying and Wuchow have hundreds of them. The support of each requires \$15 a month — \$150 a year.**



**Seminaries, novitiates, and schools for native vocations require \$250 a year to keep in operation. Native priests and Sisters are the hope of the Church in the Orient.**



**Provide a decent dwelling for His missionaries. Several are needed in Korea and Japan.**



**Or support a missionary — His representative. It costs \$1 a day. See page 344.**

# LITTLE SISTER

**W**A-A! How pretty!" Her childish treble pierced the woodland. Dropping her bundle of brushwood, nimble-footed, she pursued the gleaming wings.

"Ai-yah! Amah! Amah!" Surprise, fear, uncertainty, filled her tones and rooted the flying feet. For there square in her path stood the stranger.

"Do not fear, little one, do not fear!" The kindness in his voice arrested her as she twisted to leap into the bushes bordering the trail. She ventured a shy glance at the brown face above the stained black gown. It looked friendly; the sunken eyes shone with gentle affection; they spoke an invitation. A slow, winning smile crept from the oval mouth across the wasted cheeks; and almost despite herself, A Mooi took a step towards him.

"Come show me your treasure!"

Only then did she become aware of the struggling captive held in her slim brown fingers. "See! Isn't it pretty?"

"Indeed it is, child. A most wonderful work of God."

Hand clasped in his, she walked beside him. "T'in Chue, God! Who is He?"

"I shall tell you. What is your name, child?"

"My name? Mother calls me A Mooi, Little Sister."

XAVIER WAS DYING, but he found strength enough to bring one more soul to God. A true incident in the life of the Saint, by Tungchen's pastor, Reverend Joseph P. McGinn, M.M.

"Well, so shall I. And you may calle me Shen Foo."

Just then, the shrill tones of her mother came floating down the hillside.

"Coming, Amah!" she cried, and trotted up the path.

**FRANCIS XAV-**

**IER** sank wearily upon his rude bed of branches. Sweat glistened on his forehead, and an involuntary chill shook him violently. "The fever again!" he whispered. "All for Thee, O God . . . for this little one." Despite his physical sufferings, his lips twitched in a sweet smile as he recalled the child. "A woodland elf," he mur-

*She looked at the butterfly's wings.*

mured, "I shall start with her."

**FROM** the corner of a bright eye, A Mooi saw him coming. This time, though instantly alert, she felt pleasure rather than fear. He was good fun. It was a calm, clear

morning; the sun not yet high. She was gathering sea slugs along the strip of beach exposed by the ebbing tide, and as she scooped them hastily into her basket she watched him approach.

Then she called shyly, "T'in Chue! No — er — Shen Foo." She blushed prettily.

"A Mooi! What are you doing? Let me help you." Stooping down, he began to flip over the mud-imbedded rocks.

From time to time, A Mooi exclaimed in approval or gave vent to joyful laughter while Xavier's deep tones and pleasant chuckle reverberated from the nearby cliffs.

Finally the basket was filled to the brim. Xavier carried it to the spring at the base of the mountain; and, after each had drunk deeply, they began to cleanse the slugs.

"T'in Chue, my child, is Our Father," gently began Xavier. "Do you see the wide ocean out there, the mountains covered with trees and flowers, the birds flying about and singing, the sun up there? God made all these, and He made you and me and all things. Yes! Even sea slugs."

"But where is He?" broke out the girl. "Can I see Him? Can I talk to Him?"

"He is everywhere. No, you cannot see Him with these eyes, but you will see Him with the eyes inside you, your soul. And you can talk to Him always, everywhere — as I do," he answered.

"He loves you more than your father or mother or anyone in the world, and He wants you to love Him."

She looked at him reproachfully. "But I do love Him! Only I don't know how to do it best."

The saint gazed tenderly at the little sprite, whose hands kept moving briskly at her task. Then with great simplicity he spoke to her of God, the creation, man's fall, ceasing when the





work of cleansing was done and it was time for her to return home.

**THEY** became devoted friends. Frequently A Mooi would pasture her water buffalo near the hut overlooking the sea, the while she taught Francis the trick of gathering fuel or acquainted him with the native names for the birds and flowers. He on his part gently drew her soul closer to God.

As the days grew shorter and the sun's rays decreased in warmth, his illness was intensified. One by one the Portuguese ships in the harbor hoisted sail and put out to sea. Reluctantly, the conviction grew upon him that the Chinese junk he had engaged to convey him to the City of Rams would never return for him. Yet his heart was not cast down: God's holy will be accomplished in all things! Meantime, God had entrusted the soul of this innocent child to his care. Heedless of his weakened physical condition, Xavier devoted more and more time and energy to her instruction: there was not long to work. Despite all his efforts, her parents remained aloof in an attitude of distrust and suspicion. They did not, however, forbid A Mooi to frequent the company of the stranger.

**THEN** it happened. Prostrate in a bout of fever one day, Xavier suddenly heard a shriek and sprang up,

**SANTA CLAUS**  
has achieved an answer to everyone's problem of "What shall I give?" See page 352.

gathering his worn soutane about him, as he rushed up the mountain path to Little Sister's home. As he entered the glade he saw the parents in great grief bent over the motionless form of their daughter. His presence as well as kindly words served to quiet them.

Francis knelt beside the little girl. "A Mooi," he called softly.

Her eyes opened. Pain and fear gave way to confidence and love.

"Shen Foo!" she whispered. "Baptize me. God is calling me, and the beautiful Mother is there." She pointed just above him. "I'll wait for you in heaven. Come soon!"

Xavier swiftly filled a gourd at the brook. Bending over, he began, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, the Creator. . . " A Mooi's lips moved in unison with the words.

"Maria, I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." She smiled sweetly and was gone.

**WITH** infinite patience, Francis permitted the sorrowing parents to exhaust their grief in wailing and tears.

Then he drew from them some account of what had occurred. A Mooi, sent by her mother to gather wood, had skipped gaily down the woodland trail. Suddenly her fearsome scream sounded; and, rushing to the place, her father found her lying at the foot of the cliff. He had raced down and carried her back to the clearing. That was all they could tell.

Though his heart overflowed with sympathy for the parents, Xavier recognized here a direct intervention of Divine Providence and with exquisite tenderness and tact consoled them. Then he arranged with them the details of the burial and retired to his hut. That night he prayed long, thanking God for this first fruit of his China apostolate, beseeching mercy for the pagan millions dwelling in yonder land across the narrow strip of ocean. The date was November 25, 1552.

An early biographer of Saint Francis Xavier wrote: "On Friday the second of December, his eyes bathed in tears and fixed on his crucifix, with great affection of soul he pronounced these words, *In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum* (In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, I shall not be confounded forever). In a transport of heavenly joy, which beamed forth from his countenance, he calmly expired at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the year 1552."

A Mooi had not long to wait.



Frequently A Mooi would pasture her water buffalo near the hut overlooking the sea.

# THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

## *We Ran Out of Straw*

**O**N the way from our convent to Moe Yan City, we pass scores of roadside marts. Among the shopkeepers are many women, some of them quite aged. While all Chinese shopkeepers are invariably polite, there was something exceptional about the way old Vong Pac-Mei greeted us whenever we passed by. Despite her ninety-two years and her rheumatism, she always managed to stand up and bow to us.

Her regular stock was straw mats, which we never had occasion to buy. The mats, she told us, were made by her grandson in the country. Sometimes she had a few eggs or some fresh vegetables to sell. At times we bought something from her, taking pains to answer all her questions about why we came from "The Beautiful Country," and telling her about the good God who sends the sunshine and the rain to grow rice and straw and all the other things that people need. She listened attentively, but kept her own counsel. When we invited her to come to the convent, she thanked us profusely, but she never came.

We had begun to feel that our apostolate of the smile had been lost on Old Lady Vong. We grew accustomed to her poor, rheumatic efforts to stand whenever we passed, and

APOSTOLATE OF THE SMILE and what came of it is told by Sister Mary Imelda Sheridan, of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

we had begun to accept her smile and her greeting as part of the scenery.

Certainly no one was thinking especially of her the week before Christmas. Probably no one would have given her a thought, if we hadn't run out of straw. We had forgotten that

men had to be instructed and entertained and fed their steaming hot rice and vegetables twice a day. Among them were ten venerable grandmothers, who had taken a whole week to learn to make the sign of the cross. There was the class of the young and middle-aged women who had never before held a book in their hands and who had to learn the Chinese characters, one by one, as they studied the catechism. By comparison, the chil-

dren flew through the catechism, thought their elders, amazed at the rapidity with which young minds could hold new thoughts "within their heads within."

The great event was just ahead—baptism on Christmas Eve! But first they must pass an examination, which would be given by the pastor. Gran-nies were getting as nervous as any



*Despite her ninety-two years and her rheumatics, Vong Pac-Mei always managed to stand up and bow whenever Sister Imelda passed by.*

we had had just enough straw to make up a bed for each of the thirty-nine women and nineteen children who had arrived six weeks previously for the catechumenate course. In a South China catechumenate, beds are provided by laying fresh, clean straw upon a board slightly elevated from the floor.

It was not surprising we forgot about the straw in those busy weeks during which the fifty-eight catechu-

schoolboy facing a dreaded examination. Then, to give everyone something else to think and talk about, the Sisters had announced that there would be a Christmas play. Squeezed in between rice-eating times and class periods, there had to be surreptitious rehearsals, costume making, and scenery painting!

There were still many other things to be attended to: the Christmas crib, Christmas decorations—Chinese



*Sister Madeleine Sophie Karlon, of New York City, teaching a class of Chinese grandmothers how to make the sign of the cross*

style, of course—the Christmas treat of rice cakes, oranges, and peanuts for both catechumens and visitors. Most important of all, beds must be ready for the women and children from distant villages, who would walk a whole day—some of them two whole days—to come to Mass and Communion on Christmas.

And there was no straw! None could be bought in the city. It had all been needed for the soldiers.

Then suddenly someone thought of Old Lady Vong and her straw mats and the grandson in the country who made the mats. Perhaps he would have some straw! With hopes high, two of us hurried over to find our mat-selling friend. She was not there! We inquired where she might be.

"She's dying," said a little girl who offered to take us to see her.

We had never been in her house before. The family were all pagans, but they were kind and welcomed us, expressing gratitude for our interest in their grandmother's welfare. We told her what we had come for, which gave us a chance to talk to her again about God and His Divine Son who came down to earth as a little Babe. It wasn't long before she asked

to be baptized. We named her *Malia*, Chinese for *Maria*.

As for the straw, we got all we needed from her grandson. The first bed we made with it was for the Christ Child. When we told this to *Malia*, she was very much pleased; and the smile that came over her wrinkled face gave her a sudden, strange beauty.

Several days later, when we went to visit her, we found the family in mourning. She had died the day before. Out of their own deep pagan

superstitions about death and its attendant evil spirits, they found it hard to understand how peaceful their grandmother had been and how ready and happy to die. One thing they could not understand at all: when she seemed to be suddenly weaker, as the family were gathered about her, one of the granddaughters had reached out to help her, but—

"Please don't come yet," said Vong *Malia*. "A very bright, very beautiful little Child has just come to me!"

And with these words she died.

### My Gift To the Christ Child

**Mother Mary Joseph,  
Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse,  
Maryknoll P.O., New York**

I should like one of my gifts to the Christ Child to be a share  
in the Maryknoll Sisters' work for souls. I enclose ———

Name .....

Address .....

☐ I will try to support a Maryknoll Sister  
..... day(s) each month, at a dollar a day.

# On the Maryknoll Newsfront



*Monsignor Lane's hopefuls*

**A** WISE superior once advised his subjects to tackle the most difficult problem first—get it out of the way—so that the rest would be smoother sailing. Since your arm-chair reporter is well acquainted with the cold of north Manchukuo, we shall brave those icy gales first and hope for calmer waters in the south.

## AT FUSHUN

Monsignor Lane is rejoicing over the first graduates from his seminary for native vocations. Of the nine boys who have finished the course, two will go to Rome for philosophy and theology, and the other seven will be enrolled in the seminary at Hsingking, the capital. Besides these native Manchus, the Prefecture has also one Japanese seminarian in the major seminary at Tokyo and one Korean lad in the minor seminary at Wonsan, Korea. Monsignor has good reason to be proud of these his "hopefuls"; may their number increase and multiply!



*Henry barks a welcome.*

A little farther down the line we looked in on Father George Haggerty, of St. Johnsville, New York. Father George is now pastor of two missions whose names sounded to our un-Chinese ear like

Pennsy Who and Chow Toe. What particularly interested us was

## THE STORY OF HENRY

as told by the pastor:

"Henry was but a little puppy when he came to me. I decided to call him after his father, who had once snapped at me. My real intention was to get back at Henry's father by occasionally snapping at Henry, myself. But I couldn't do that—he was too lovable a puppy.

"When I grew tired of talking Chinese or Japanese, I would tell all my troubles to Henry in English. And, although he had a Danish father and a German mother, doggone! he seemed to understand me.



*Father Craig, Shingishu's pastor*

"One day I was saying to him: 'Henry, what am I going to do with all these bills hanging on the spindle? I can't pay more than two or three of them. What to do!' Then I was called away for a few minutes. When I returned to my room I found Henry frisking all over the place—he had taken all of the bills from the spindle and chewed them to pieces, and the whole floor was practically covered with my debts and balances. Good dog! I know he thought it was the best way. And maybe it was."

Shingishu lies just to the southeast of Manchuland—a convenient dropping-off point. Father Craig, pastor at that mission, has a very interesting story for us about

## A LEPER GIRL

"It all started," he says, "one morning, not so long ago, as I went over in a rather heavy rain to open the church before the six o'clock Mass. I was surprised to hear someone being driven from the porch of the church—two beggars—the one a leper girl of about fourteen, and the other a woman of thirty.

"Although there is a leprosarium in the south of Korea, there are so few lepers up here in the north that I knew of no place for them, so I bought a little house on the outside of the city. The little girl's leprosy was far advanced. The Sisters and the woman catechist gradually



taught her the doctrine, and on another rainy day last week I went out to baptize her Teresa and to give her First Holy Communion. In spite of the rain, as I neared the house a considerable number of pagans and Christians gathered. Some pagan shouted, 'Oh, the Catholic priest has come out to console the leper girl, let's go over and watch.' As I approached the house, the Christians as they bowed gave the customary salutation, 'May Jesus be praised.' The Catholics, without showing any fear of the disease, came in with me, and one woman in this poor section had brought her only prized possession, a rather ornate table, so that the priest might have a fitting place on which to rest the Blessed Sacrament.



*Newly ordained Reverend John Kang, of Korea*

"The little leper girl was very near the end, but she lay without any sign of impatience, and received the Holy Eucharist with much peace and joy. As I anointed her, it occurred to me that, while this fifteen-year-old girl could scarcely be more afflicted in body, her soul must be beautiful indeed before God. He took little Teresa to Him two days later.

We should like to have known Teresa; may she not forget us from her home in heaven!

At Heijo, the vicariate city, we find ourselves just

too late to attend a

#### KOREAN PRIEST'S ORDINATION

which took place during the fall. The young levite is John Kang, who was taken ill last year, during his final term of studies. In June he was not well enough to receive ordination, but a long rest during the summer did him much good. At his own suggestion Bishop Larribeau, of Seoul, came to Heijo for the ceremony. The priests of the vicariate and the faithful turned out in great numbers, so that Holy Rosary Cathedral was filled to overflowing.

Unfortunately we missed, too, the fine banquet which followed (provided by the Maryknoll Sisters), and the gathering later with the bishop. All formed a happy link in the gradual transition of the Korean Church from its French pioneer days, through its ministry of the Maryknollers from America, down to the present time when her own sons are preparing to provide for her spiritual growth.

Conditions in South China still make travel difficult in some parts, and the mails from that district are slow and irregular. However, we did pick up a nugget at Kochow in the Kongmoon Vicariate. It concerned the head woman catechist, old Mrs. Wong, and her faithful idea of

#### THE POWER OF GOD

For thirty years or more Mrs. Wong had been a catechist in that district under the French Fathers who left her to us. She was most capable, taking care of the old ladies' home and the little orphanage; and on feast days when the Christians came in from the villages she was queen of the roost. She also took excellent care of the chapel, washed the linens, and decorated the altar for feast days. Her paper flowers were not beautiful, but they were large and colorful. Preparing the crib before Christmas she managed to get hold of a small set of figures, besides a very large figure of the Infant Jesus. When the pastor went to the chapel to inspect Old Lady Wong's crib, he found that she had the large baby figure in the center, and kneeling beside it were the dwarf figures of Our Lady and Saint Joseph. In amazement he asked, "Why this arrangement? Does it not seem odd for such a big baby to have such a small mother?" But Old Lady Wong could answer any question. She replied, "But, Father, God is all-powerful!"



*Mrs. Wong teaches the doctrine of the Trinity*

Later she compromised and put the small figure of Christ in the crib. In the back of the church, however, she had another crib, and in it was the large figure—alone!

#### • EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 443.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They counted, in June, 1938, 64,817 Catholics.
8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,337 adult converts from July 1, 1937, to June 30, 1938).

# Charlie Stumps the Curate

ALL THE ANSWERS were known by Charlie, the "Number One Man" of Antung's Manchu Mission, but Father William F. Pheur, of North Walpole, New Hampshire, who held the fort in the pastor's absence, was nonplused.



Father McCormack, the pastor

WHEN one is directing his best efforts towards fluency in Chinese, he gives little thought and less time to learning the many details which form the mechanism of a well-regulated city parish. He is diligently searching for words and phrases, sounds and tones, which will one day lend intelligence to his speaking and efficacy to his preaching.

However, necessity can sometimes expose him to these details, as it did when the Antung pastor was called away recently. Being the senior student, I was made nominal pastor, which means that it was my quest for knowledge that was interrupted.

Number One among the help is Charlie, not only because he resembles a former acquaintance, but also because in his presence he can be spoken about (charitably, to be sure). His every visit and its aftermath can be similarly described. Charlie finds it very embarrassing to remove his hat when he comes into a room. He does,

of course, but his method, though not unique, is amusing. He begins to scratch his head at the forehead, continues up over the top, then down until he reaches the back of the neck. The hat follows the same course and is off by the time the hand reaches the barber's starting point. He is not



Charlie, "stumped" by the curate

taking his hat off, mind you, but merely scratching his head.

His countenance at the time of these visits bears a hopeless but eloquent smile. "This is going to be harder on me than on you," he seems to say. "I only hope I can make myself understood. But really you should know a lot more of this language than you actually do. However, that is beside the point." He then begins to elucidate (if that be possible in Chinese) the reason of this mutually

unwanted interruption. He tries to speak slowly and distinctly. Attentively do I try to listen, despite the recurrence of the distracting thought—What is he talking about? Finally he stops talking, and I begin to think.

I ponder over the few words that I understood, wondering which of the week's events may be his concern and guessing at what might have happened. So, letting my speculation serve as a background, I fill in the picture with the parts that I comprehended. The scene is obscure at best, but bravely I say to Charlie, "Ming Pai" (I understand), and just as quickly his smile of satisfaction and accomplishment displaces the previous one of hopelessness and pain. In language unknown to him but known to God, I add, "May God forgive me!" Being a man who never invites trouble, Charlie makes a hasty retreat.

A consultation with my linguistic fellow-sufferers follows. Like three young doctors anxious to diagnose their first case successfully, we view the scene from all angles. We examine it in the light of fact and possibilities. We balance the known with the unknown, speculation with reason. Gradually a *modus agendi* crystallizes, and we pass it on, each convinced in his own mind that "it matters not who does the work so long as the work is done."

Somehow that long week dropped into the valley of the past, and we, safe from interruption once more, wonder still who rejoiced the more at the pastor's return—we or Charlie.

Maryknoll Fathers,  
Maryknoll P.O., New York

I want to support a missionary on Christmas Day. Send me a Support-A-Missioner ten-dime card and ..... cards for friends.

Name .....

Address .....

☐ I should like to do this each month.

# Christmas Feast

APPETITE AND CAPACITY are two different things says Father Stanislaus T. Ziemba, who hails from Buffalo, New York. But an inmate of the home for the aged at Hsin Pin, Manchukuo, made them one.



**O**UR old men at Hsin Pin can not boast of very extensive wardrobes, but one of them, Old Man Li, had a good pair of trousers—fur trousers, mind you, which are much lighter and much warmer than the cotton-padded trousers com-

monly worn here during the winter season. To have such an article of clothing is something of which to be proud—it denotes riches and position.

On Christmas Eve Old Man Li came to me, asking permission to go downtown for a few minutes "to pick up a few little things for tomorrow's feast."

"You will come back quickly?" I asked. "You know the church must be swept and the floor must be cleaned."

"Oh, yes! it won't take me more than a few minutes."

The old man had always seemed too old even for so light a job as sweeping the church, but he had begged me to give

*"Imagine! They were only a penny apiece!"*

him that task, and he was very faithful to it.

Shortly before the Holy Hour at five o'clock I thought I saw him entering the door of the Home, and I concluded that he had

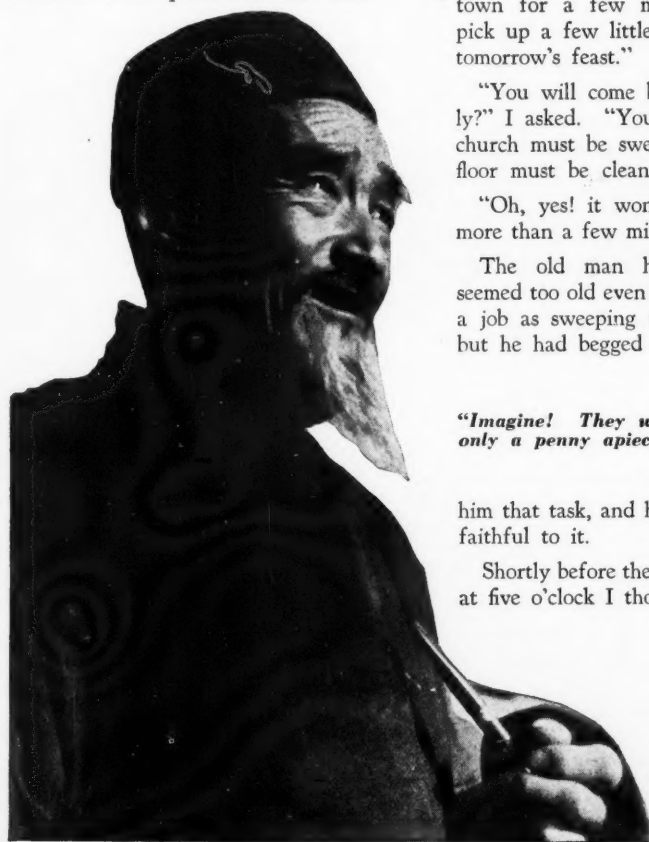
finished the cleaning job. But then, I always was too trusting! I was just reading the first meditation to our prayerful congregation, at Holy Hour, when I heard a great banging of pails and brooms and brushes in the rear of the church. I looked up from my book to see Old Li bent on the task he should have finished much earlier. A great giggling went through the congregation when they discovered that he was not to be stopped. Finally one stalwart stood up and told the old fellow that he would have to come back later on.

Through the remaining hour I could not get my mind off the church sweeper and his strange actions, and I determined to seek him out as soon as Benediction had been given. However, confessions in great number followed, and it wasn't until much later that I was mindful of my early errand.

But I didn't need to look for the old man. An argument in the yard brought me into the center of things—or almost to the center, for that spot was being held by the aged floorsweep. My "Number One Man" evidently welcomed my advent, for it was he who shouted, "Here's Shen Foo! We shall ask him."

In typical Chinese style all began talking at once. Gradually I quieted them, and 'twas then I learned that the old man's request for a new pair

*(Continued on page 349)*



# Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men and things missionary

**O**NE of our Maryknollers stood on a dock in Japan while nineteen French missionaries sailed back to Europe to obey their government's command to report for military service. This ship alone carried away from the Far East more mission priests than Maryknoll sent to the field this year.

A number of European countries require army duty of their priest citizens. In the case of Germany, the closing to her of the sea lanes makes it impossible for her sons to report in the homeland, and hence German missionaries have been granted permission by their consuls to remain at their posts. This is a blessing for the Church in the Far East, since German missionaries number some hundreds. In India the extent of the curbs to be placed on German missionaries is not yet clear.

Belgium has called her missionaries to the colors but has given them duties in the Congo which will permit them to render at least a limited amount of assistance to souls. Holland has not as yet crippled the Dutch missions, though she is heavily mobilized. Other countries of Europe have made inroads into the missionary ranks which, though of less extent, tend to aggravate the general situation.

For us there is more than ever the obligation to pray earnestly that all who have responsibility for the care of souls in the mission world may so act that the losses may be minimized: the losses through lack of priests to nurture the Faith of those already won, the losses through want of apostles to continue the preaching to non-Christians which has brought us half a million converts each year during this present vigorous missionary generation.

## Burden of a Bankrupt World—

**A**RCHBISHOPS Spellman, Mooney, and Mitty, preparatory to Mission Sunday, sounded for the Society for

the Propagation of the Faith the call of a world which faces a desperate tomorrow.

The Society has from the Holy See the commission to raise a general fund to help support Catholic missions. In each country there is a national office, which works through diocesan offi-

these are in small countries, a few are even in mission countries, but the composite is a formidable array. Surely, one would say, from this organization a campaign fund of splendid proportions can be expected.

We have just looked over the list. The countries for which four of the national offices spoke no longer exist—Austria, Albania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Fourteen of the national offices are in countries now at war. Fifteen of the offices are in nations of Europe still neutral but heavily mobilized, expending billions of their already diminished wealth attempting to keep out of war.

Seventeen remain, and of these thirteen are in South America. In some countries of this continent there are sturdy Catholic faith and great natural wealth, but up to the present mission interest has been small. One effect of these critical years may be to awaken increased mission responsibility among these splendid peoples.

Two national offices remain to be considered. One is that of the Philippine Islands. The last is that of the United States.

Help will continue from offices even in countries at war. But as Europe shoulders the huge costs of carnage, there will be less and less that even generous and devoted men can find for the spread of the Faith.

Last to feel the pinch will be our own country. On our national unit of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith will devolve the burden of saving the missions, which eventually will be all but abandoned by a bankrupt world.

Every Maryknoller prays earnestly that Monsignor McDonnell and the energetic Directors of the Society in every diocese will rally the maximum of assistance for the missions, which will be so gravely pressed. Maryknoll,



© by Lavechca

*The late Cardinal Mundelein, "an inspiration to the youth of America, in whom he was so devoutly interested."*

ces and thence through the parishes down to individual Catholics, each of whom is asked to become a member and make at least the annual membership offering.

The Holy See has been pushing the Society and only a year ago counted forty-eight national offices. Some of

*"A Child is born to us and a Son is given to us." The Babe of Bethlehem is God's gift to us. What is your gift to God?*



as one of the few missionary fighting forces under the Holy See still unharrassed, realizes that it must keep itself strong and ready for the increasingly critical situation; but it will never forget the crying needs of thousands of missionaries of other societies who must be kept at their tasks. This is an hour for truly catholic thinking and praying and sacrificing.

**"A Good Thing"—  
C.S.M.C. Convention Idea—**

**WE** have always felt that much good is accomplished at Crusade conventions. We agree with Bishop Thill, the keynoter last August at Washington—"It is a good thing to meet together in order to raise aloft once more the banner of the Cross of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. It is a good thing, under the protecting arms of that Cross, to reaffirm our loyalty and to pray that it may be for us a symbol and a certain hope of victory."

Vocations are born at Crusade conventions; many projects in many colleges and schools of the country get a start from conventions. And of very great importance, many leaders in the Church learn at Crusade conventions how vital the missionary approach to Catholic problems can be in giving vigor to all Catholic activity. Bishop Thill brought this out very well.

"Because she is a living thing, the Church everywhere is beset with problems, and the knottiest of them are reducible, for the most part, to something tied up with the missionary aspect of the Christian life. Every bishop, be he at home or abroad, is dependent for a successful and peaceful exercise of his apostolate on the assistance of sanctified and enlightened lay folk almost as much as on the support of loyal and learned priests. So far as I know, this union of clergy and laity under the headship of their bishops, for the advancement of the Church and her interests, is Catholic Action. This is really mission action, the kind of action that you have established as the program of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade."

**Out of  
Ethiopia—**

**THE** Italian Government has encouraged cinematic and missionary interests to prepare in Ethiopia a film of a great apostle of modern Africa, Cardinal Massaia. The production is described as very successful, and we can hope that some day it will be available for the American screen.

Cardinal Massaia was an Italian Capuchin. The red hat came to him during his last days, after he had lost his strength and awaited death in a monastery at Frascati, outside Rome. It was a gracious gesture by Leo XIII in recognition of Massaia's thirty-five years of difficult and dangerous pioneering in the then-free land of Ethiopia, where the ruling forces were bitterly hostile to Christianity. Massaia was driven into exile three times, but remarkable force of character sent him back to begin again the building of the work which each time he saw completely destroyed before his eyes.

**MAY** they all unite in the peace of Christ in a full concord of thoughts and emotions, of desires and prayers, of deeds and words—the spoken word, the written word, the printed word—and then an atmosphere of genuine peace, warming and beneficent, will envelope all the world."

—Pope Pius XI



*A scene from the motion picture, "Cardinal Massaia, Apostle of Ethiopia"*

**Catholic Dramatics—**

**POPE PIUS XII** calls our attention to the importance of enjoyment by Catholics and of Catholic enjoyment. A recent statement from Rome says: "His Holiness praises the work of multiplying large halls, well equipped with modern apparatus, strongly united in their organization, which will aim to give educational and recreational productions of Christian character." The proposal might seem to advocate a chain of Catholic theaters, but undoubtedly the Holy Father has in mind parochial or diocesan undertakings, bound together by their ecclesiastical nature.

At Maryknoll we view all such projects with keen interest. We are aware that the stage can bring a mission message, and that mission lands and ideals provide power and color for strong dramatic productions. A small start has been made in this; a great field lies ahead.

# Among Our Friends—



*His Eminence, Cardinal  
O'Connell, of Boston*

**T**O His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, go our hearty congratulations and—we are sure—the prayers of our readers, on his eightieth birthday, December eighth. Under the aegis of the venerable Cardinal, Maryknoll had its beginning, and through the years which have followed His Eminence has most graciously kept our work close to his paternal heart. All Maryknollers salute the great Cardinal of Boston with a hearty *Ad multos annos*.

"When I read what the Maryknoll Fathers and other missionaries are doing for Christ, I feel ashamed of myself for the little that I do for Him. Perhaps the enclosed small offering will let me share in the work you are doing."  
—Massachusetts

"Five extra greenbacks just floated my way, and I can think of no better place for them than Maryknoll and her missions. Who knows but that the same gentle breeze may blow this way again? I'll waft the results to you, you may be sure."  
—California

## SPONSORS

While many of our friends have accepted the individual obligation of sponsoring a Maryknoll missionary, we are happy to say that several schools and seminaries also have become interested in this method of mission help. The Junior Catholic Action Club of Incarnation School, Minneapolis, has been outstanding in this regard. The zealous pastor, Right Reverend Monsignor Moynihan, and the teachers, Dominican Sisters, have developed this interest among their students. The results have been unusually heartening.

Maryknollers have been given many opportunities for speaking of the missions in the archdiocese of St. Paul, through its gracious archbishop, the Most Reverend John G. Murray, D.D., as formerly through the kindness of the late Archbishop Dowling. The latter was instrumental in the foundation of Maryknoll, and the present archbishop was to be found among our earliest friends. The archdiocese of St. Paul has been generous in supplying vocations to Maryknoll, as well.

To all of our loyal friends in the Midwest Twin Cities we are grateful.

## OTHER PRIESTS

who remember us—and who, too, prefer not to let the left hand know what the right doth, have written:

"One of the newly ordained priests gave me five dollars to send to Maryknoll. He was going home (from Rome) second class, but changed to third so that he could send this amount for some priest's fare to the missions."  
—Italy

"Can't balance the old budget at all this month, but I hope to get around with some 'sponsor support' next month. Put me on the list of those to be reminded monthly, and I'll see that the missions get first place."  
—California

"I am enclosing the monthly donation from our Leper Club for the Gate of Heaven Leprosarium in South China."  
—Massachusetts



*His Excellency, Arch-  
bishop Murray, of St.  
Paul*

The genial bishop of Albany, the Most Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D., has long been among our outstanding friends. During the most depressing days of the impressionists, Bishop Gibbons welcomed our priests to his diocese and encouraged their efforts to make the missions better known. Nor can we forget the whole-hearted interest of Right Reverend Monsignor John F. Glavin, diocesan mission director, who knew Maryknoll in its infancy and followed it through each new loss and gain. The mission spirit of Albany is summarized in the words of the bishop himself: "In the midst of what have justly been termed our luxuries of religion, we can not forget our obligation to provide at least the necessi-

## THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers,

At a meeting of the Gold Star Mothers this past week I spoke to the members about a pamphlet I had recently received—*Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum*—and of the heroic, noble work your order is doing for the lepers. A dear old Gold Star Mother passed me a dollar bill, saying: "Will this be of any help?" Needless to say, I gladly accepted it and told her that the recipients would surely pray for her.

This lady is not of our Faith, but, having lost her son in the last World War, is happy in easing the way for any who are sorely afflicted.

I wish I could add something to this gift, but I, too, am a Gold Star Mother, having lost my only child in the War, and being widowed the past seven years I am entirely self-dependent. So the most I can do is to try to interest others and to pray, myself, for your wonderful work.

—L.F., Pennsylvania



His Excellency, Bishop Gibbons,  
of Albany

ties of the Faith for our less fortunate brethren in Christ. Any other attitude on our part will make us unworthy of the blessing of God and a continuance of His favors in our regard."

### PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIPS

Many of our readers have been interested in securing Perpetual Membership in our Society, especially since it can be done so easily by small monthly payments extended over a

period of two years. In this way, they tell us, they ensure the receipt of their magazine, and for their souls they prepare their share in our Masses and prayers forever. Here is what some of them say:

"I am enclosing a check to cover the balance due on my Perpetual Membership. I am very grateful to you for having permitted me to meet this obligation in small payments."

—New York

"In honor of Mary, Queen of Apostles, and Maryknoll's first martyr, Father Gerard Donovan, I wish to enroll our family in Perpetual Membership with your Society."

—California

### Joseph Journeys Again

(Continued from page 331)

pered, Joseph became too old to carry baggage. So when his old friend, the foreigner, became a bishop, he was made keeper of the gate. And now he felt that he would soon be called to eternal companionship with the Great Missioner Himself.

"What was it that impressed you so deeply when you saw your first Christmas crib?" asked Father Paul.

"Only God could have been so understandingly human," replied Joseph.

"He made me love Him instantly, and that love has filled my life ever since. It was enough. As I meditated on it all, I could appreciate the compulsion that brought the shepherds and wise men to worship at His crib. His love and example have always urged me most intensely to desire to serve Him and to bring others to Him. I have never lost sight of His star."

### Christmas Feast

(Continued from page 345)

of trousers from the supply house had brought about the present scene.

"But those good fur pants you have—" I started, when suddenly I discovered that the old fellow was standing there shivering in the twenty-below weather—trouserless.

"Tell the *Shen Foo* what you did, old man," called the crowd, but I silenced them with a reminder that it was Christmas, a time of great charity, and I brought the sobbing Li into my one-room rectory.

There the story gradually unwound itself amid much self-accusation and not a few tears.

Earlier in the afternoon the old man went down town as planned, made his few little purchases, and was on his way back to the mission when he saw a vendor selling *chiao-tzus* (small tarts containing mince meat) for a ridiculously low price.

"Ever since I was a little boy I have wanted to eat some *chiao-tzus*, but I never could afford them," he blubbered. "When I saw them today—imagine, Father, for a penny apiece—I thought I would buy a few. I reached down into my pocket, but I didn't have a penny left. Just then I saw my friend, the butcher, and told him the plight I was in. He agreed immediately to help me, and he offered me seven dollars for my fur trousers. I knew I could easily buy another pair of trousers for less than that and still have enough money for the *chiao-tzus*, so I agreed."

"Well," I said, "what did you buy?"

And to my utter amazement he answered, "The *chiao-tzus*, Father—SEVEN HUNDRED."

---



---

# MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

---



---

**Scene:** A classroom decorated for Christmas. The usual things that make up a classroom: desks, blackboard, globe, etc. A clock ticks loudly and points to 4:45 when the scene opens. No lights on, but the oncoming dusk casts a bluish glow about. Windows are icy and frosted at corners.

**Time:** Late afternoon, the day before Christmas.

**Characters:**

Three Boys { Tom who is "staying in" after school.  
Dick — ditto  
Harry — "  
Santa Claus, who is the hero.  
Father Black, who is under suspicion.

**TOM:** (*stretching, leaning back, and yawning like a lion*) Let's call a halt, fellows. I got writer's colic.

**DICK:** Cramp — writer's cramp. (*Savagely turning a page and beginning all over again*) So've I, but I'll be swiggled if I'm going to stop now; I'm getting out of here by five and that's that!

**HARRY:** (*laying down his pencil and looking up*) Gotta get done, Tom! (*He hurdles his desk and makes for the blackboard where he immediately takes up chalk and starts writing around the Christmas decorations*)

**TOM:** (*in a droning chant, reading what Harry is writing on the blackboard*) There are clayshares in Alaska—There are clayshares in Alaska—There are clayshares in Alaska—

**DICK:** Shut up!

**TOM:** (*laughing devilishly*) Don't you believe there are clayshares in Alaska, Dick?

**DICK:** (*looking up*) No, I don't! There aren't any clayshares in Alaska. There are g-l-a-c-i-e-r-s.

**HARRY:** (*dusting off his hands*) Well, as Julius Caesar said: What I have written, I've wrote!

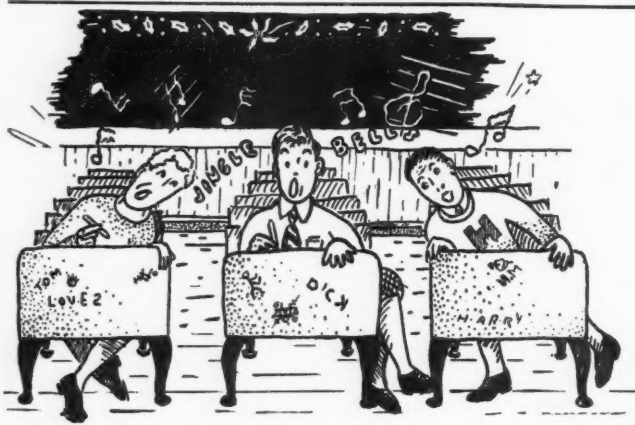
**DICK:** Pilate said that—in better English.

## The Christmas Front

A One-Act Play for the Classroom

by

Marie Fischer



I'm gonna sing a Christmas carol an' remind her we're still here. (*He starts yelling "Jingle Bells" at the top of his lungs in an off key*)

*Tom and Dick join in, trying to drown him out, and the result is bedlam. They are nearing the crisis when there is a jingle of bells, the door bursts open, and Santa Claus with much puffing tramps in, dragging his bag after him. He ignores the boys as though they were not there.*

**SANTA CLAUS:** (*taking off his cap, shaking snow from it, and throwing it on top of the globe*) Nice room! Nice warm room, warm room! Nice decorations, (*looking about him*) nice decorations! Too bad school is out and I missed the boys—too bad, too bad, too bad!

**HARRY:** Yeah, yeah, yeah!

**DICK:** Keep quiet—it looks like the principal.

**TOM:** Not on your life! I seen him at the corner (*pointing to Santa*

*Claus*); he's the Salvation Army!

**HARRY:** (*suspiciously*) Naw it ain't! It sounds like Father Black. He's allus repeatin' things in his sermons like that.

**SANTA CLAUS:** (*going over to the blackboard and switching on the light*) Well, well, well! What intelligent mind conceived all this? (*Reading*) There are clayshares in Alaska! Well—now, now, now, who could have written that in such a neat hand?

**HARRY:** I did, sir!

**SANTA CLAUS:** (*turning about with a big bounce*) You did!

**DICK:** (*to Harry*) Lay low! Are you trying to be George Washington?

**SANTA CLAUS:** You actually wrote this, young man?

**HARRY:** (*grinning*) Yes, Father!

**SANTA CLAUS:** Maybe I do look like old Father Time, but how about calling me Santa Claus? And why are you wasting your time here on Christmas Eve writing all this, at this very



peculiar time of the day?

TOM: It's like this: we stayed in to write "There are glaciers in Alaska" 1,000 times because the teacher asked us to.

SANTA CLAUS: Rather strange taste on her part, isn't it?

DICK: Well, she's not easy, but it was our fault.

HARRY: Now who's Washington!

DICK: We skipped the Mission Club meeting today, and yesterday we didn't know our geography, so she combined the two things and kept us in and made us write about glaciers.

SANTA CLAUS: I see, I see! I can understand three boys not being so well acquainted with the glaciers of Alaska, but what I don't quite get is their not being men enough to take an interest in Catholic Action.

TOM: (*clearing his throat importantly and standing up squarely*) Well, sir, it happens that the Mission Club isn't a man's affair. The girls try to run it and they don't know nothin' about missions and it gets to be a 'old ladies' gossip affair, and we are men!

HARRY: Yeah, he's right, sir. It's sissy, all right!

SANTA CLAUS: (*covering a twinkle with a cough*) Is that so? Is that so? Funny! Because I happen to make the rounds of the old earth at least once a year and some of the most exciting things that ever happened to me happened near some mission or other. (*He pulls the globe over to the teacher's desk and sits on the top of desk with globe held comfortably between his knees.*)

TOM: (*looking at his friends and scratching his head thoughtfully*) Say! Maybe it ud be a good idea to get the hang uv this mission business, get some tall stories and hand them out at the next Mission Club meeting; if once we get the floor, there'll be a fade-out of the suffragettes.

SANTA CLAUS: (*patting Tom on the back*) Exactly, exactly! Just what I was thinking, man of my own heart!

DICK: (*bracing himself before Santa Claus, with his hands behind his back*) Say! Could you tell us anything about China? The Club's studying missions in China right now and they're making it as dull as my sister's bridge teas.

TOM: Yeah, all it amounts to now is a lot of static.

HARRY: Statistics, you mean! I could stand anything almost, even girls, if it wasn't for them statistics: 500 baptisms in one year—642 sore toes bandaged in a dispensary or somethin'

From "Grey Dawns and Red" by Marie Fischer

See page 352



—44 cattyqueyams.

DICK: Catechumens.

HARRY: Aw, all right!

SANTA CLAUS: I could tell you plenty about China, or Africa, or India, or any country you mention, and not even think about statistics. (*He takes out his pipe and lights up*) Would you rather hear about the time they shot me down in North China, or made a statue of me in a mountain temple in the Middle Kingdom, or made me a pirate on the Red River?

TOM: How about the whole business?

HARRY: Have a heart! Maybe he's in a hurry and so're we!

SANTA CLAUS: Well, I can give it to you in news-broadcast shape. Or, you can ask Father Black to tell you about all this later; both of us have been scouting about the missions. (*He points to China on the globe*) Now, here's where once I thought there was no such thing as a mission and I was going over it in a government plane and the people down below started shooting up. We thought it was some signal, and right we were. When we got down finally they told us they hadn't seen a priest there in months and where was he. So, right then and there I got a job—

HARRY: Now! What'd I say! You're a priest, ain't you?

SANTA CLAUS: Did I say I was? I went and got a priest for them. And what do you suppose those kids around there were playing?

TOM: Some of 'Chink game maybe.

SANTA CLAUS: Something every red-blooded American lad plays.

DICK: Baseball!

SANTA CLAUS: They played that another day.

HARRY: Marbles?

SANTA CLAUS: Right you are, and I brought some of their marbles with me tonight. (*He goes over to his bag and takes out a bag of marbles and hands them to Harry*) This isn't a reward for writing up the clayshares in Alaska, but just a proof that Chinese boys aren't so dull or so very different

from yourselves. You guessed right, so Merry Christmas to you!

HARRY: Gee! Thanks! (*He puts them up to his eye and squints, then he inhales them deeply*) They even smell like incense.

SANTA CLAUS: They ought to; they come straight from the toy-maker in Toy-shan.

DICK: What about the statue they made of you?

SANTA CLAUS: Oh, yes. That was another time when some people decided that because I came to them in an airplane, I must be coming from the land of their ancestors—they worship their ancestors, you know. They thought I dropped from the clouds, which I did. And then because my helpers and I did a few little turns for them, they tried to add me to their list of gods by making a statue of me in one of their temples. Some day, I'm going back again and see if we can make Christians out of them. The boys there were playing a game, too. Something you kick up in the air and keep from falling to the ground—

DICK: Football!

SANTA CLAUS: No, not that time, although they do play that, too. It's got a feather and a weight on it.

TOM: Feather-weight.

SANTA CLAUS: I guess that's the nearest you'll come to it, so you win this time. Some American children play it; it's an old, old game. (*He gets a shuttlecock out of his pack*) Here 'tis! A shuttlecock—you kick it up with the sole or heel or toe of your feet, only you never let it fall; the one who keeps it up longest wins.

DICK: Gosh! It's my turn, and it's about pirates!

SANTA CLAUS: Yes. The river pirates captured me one night when I was on a trip. They came on to the Chinese junk I was sailing on and stole everybody's baggage and took me off with them. I lived with them for a couple of weeks—

HARRY: I thought you were Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS: Well, they didn't know whom they were desecrating. (*He coughs*) All foreigners look alike to them, anyway; we're pretty queer in their eyes. Anyway, I escaped from the pirates. All the time I was with them, they had bad sailing and they decided I must be a magician. They saw the boy who was with me spinning—ahem!—he had something odd which they thought was a charm and that he

(Continued on page 352)

## The Maryknoll Bookshelf



Books  
Pamphlets  
Story Leaflets  
Sound Films  
Exhibits  
Plays

☐ **GREY DAWNS AND RED**

By Marie Fischer. A new life of the missionary martyr, Blessed Theophane Vennard, published by Sheed & Ward. A good Christmas gift for boys and girls of the adventure-story age.

\$1.25

☐ **THE MARYKNOLL MOVEMENT**

By Rev. George C. Powers. A new edition, profusely illustrated with human-interest photographs. It tells graphically the story of Maryknoll from its beginnings to the present time. A beautiful Christmas gift book for anyone.

\$1.00

☐ **DRAGON TREASURE**

By Adolph Paschang. A story filled with bandits and mystery and perilous escapes, told by a Maryknoll missionary who has lived in China for nineteen years. Published by Longmans Green. The perfect Christmas gift for a real boy.

\$1.75

☐ **FATHER McSHANE OF MARYKNOLL**

By James E. Walsh. The story of Maryknoll's first ordained, who died in China a martyr of charity. A Christmas gift that will please everyone.

\$1.10

☐ **Complete Maryknoll Bookshelf Catalogue**

- ☐ I enclose .....  
☐ Bill me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Mail to: Maryknoll Bookshelf  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

## The Christmas Front

(Continued from page 351)

worked it against them for me. They were going to throw us overboard the night we escaped.

DICK: That boy was really playing with something, wasn't he? And it was a top.

SANTA CLAUS: It made a noise, too.

DICK: Oh, of course, a musical top. I didn't know they had those in China and I always wanted one.

SANTA CLAUS: (*getting a musical top out of his pack and handing it to Dick*) The younger generation is too smart for me even if they do maintain there are clayshares in Alaska. (*He picks up his pack*) Well, so long, boys! Merry Christmas!

*Exit Santa Claus.*

TOM: Golly! He's a swell guy even if he is squirrely and thinks he's Santa Claus.

HARRY: It's Father Black.

DICK: No, it isn't. He's decent like Father, but—

*Enter Father Black.*

FR. BLACK: Well, well, well, my three old friends who can never part with this old school. How come now?

HARRY: Ask Santa Claus, Father. He's a friend of yours.

FR. BLACK: Santa Claus! Has that —? (*He looks down at desk*) Oh, so this is where he left it! (*He chuckles and picks up Santa Claus' pipe*) Any of you boys see the missionary who's come to visit us? Said he left his pipe in here.

TOM: (*shouting*) Caught in a Black lie! Course we seen the missionary!

FR. BLACK: Is that Black lie a pun on me, Tom?

HARRY: Yeah! We knowed he wasn't Santa Claus! And besides he said you and he hobnob on the missions sometimes.

FR. BLACK: Santa Claus is the greatest missionary on earth.

DICK: He stayed up pretty much in the clouds, according to himself. He's swell, Father! When're we going to talk with him again?

FR. BLACK: At the next Mission Club meeting.

HARRY: Yeah! What's his name, Father? We thought mebbe it was you. Who is he, Father?

FR. BLACK: Santa Claus is my twin brother, boys!

THREE BOYS: AW!

*They all rush Father Black out of the room.*

THE END.

## ADDRESSES

### The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.

Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:

Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.

Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.

Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.

Mountain View P.O., Cal.

St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley  
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.

Los Angeles, Cal., 222 S. Hewitt St.

Manila, P.I., P.O. Box 880

New York City, 121 E. 39th St.

San Francisco, Cal., 1492 McAllister St.

San Juan Bautista, Cal.

Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

### Missions: Central Addresses

*For Fushun missionaries:* Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

*For Kaying missionaries:* Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

*For Kongmoon missionaries:* Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China

*For Kweilin missionaries:* Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

*For Kyoto missionaries:* Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan

*For Korea missionaries:* Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Korea

*For Wuchow missionaries:* Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

### The Maryknoll Sisters

#### Central Addresses

*Motherhouse and administration:* Maryknoll, N. Y.

*Hawaii:* 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

*Japan:* Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan

*Korea:* Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Korea

*Manchukuo:* Catholic Mission, Dairen  
*Pacific Coast:* 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

*Philippines:* St. Mary's Hall, Manila

*South China:* Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

## The Maryknoll Associates

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATE for one year and, in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, is a member of the Society, sharing in 13,000 Masses yearly and in the prayers, labors, and privations of the missionaries.

A PERPETUAL ASSOCIATE makes payment of \$50 designated for this purpose, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Associate.

### NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**Living:** Benefactors: M. S.; Associates: Rev. P. W. S.; Rev. A. G.; Sr. M. H.; A. E. G.; Mrs. A. McK.; Mrs. J. M. & Relatives; Mrs. A. C. & Relatives; M. E. M. & Relatives; J. M. & Relatives; E. McC. & Relatives; Mrs. F. M. & Relatives; F. P. & Relatives; M. E. McD. & Relatives; A. T. & Relatives; Dr. & Mrs. W. B. T. & Relatives; G. C. & Relatives; E. P. O'N. & Relatives; Mrs. M. M. T. & Relatives; Mrs. M. A. M. & Relatives; H. D. & Relatives; M. A. McD. & Relatives; M. S. R. & Relatives; Mrs. C. D. & Relatives; Mrs. E. L. P. & Relatives; C. D. & Relatives; M. K. & Relatives; G. McA. & Relatives; Mrs. C. B. L. & Relatives; E. M. O'S. & Relatives; D. L. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. J. B., Jr., & Relatives; A. K. & Relatives; Mrs. T. M. W. & Relatives; Mrs. L. B. & Relatives; Relatives of A. G. J.; H. A. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. F. A. & Relatives; Relatives of E. A. H.; J. M. H. & Relatives; C. F. M. & Relatives; A. H. & Relatives; Mrs. J. A. G. & Relatives; The Misses M. & Relatives; H. K. & Relatives; Mrs. A. S. & Relatives; Mrs. F. L. & Relatives; M. McL. & Relatives; Misses M. & K. C.; L. C. B. & Relatives; Mr. & Mrs. C. O'B. & Family; Mrs. M. S. & Relatives.

**Deceased:** Benefactor: Rev. W. Garrigan; Associates: Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. O'Brien; Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. McClean; Rev. P. Cawley; M. Mellon; A. Waters; M. Brennan; Mrs. M. Murphy; H. Seitz; J. P. Kellaher; Mrs. F. Mansfield; M. Murphy; C. Ganley Fraher; M. Clinton; M. Ford; P. Murney; K. de Ralf; J. Moynihan; Mrs. J. Moynihan; C. Bauer.

### A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

#### Schools for Boys—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio  
Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass.

St. Michael's College, Winoski Park, Vt.

#### Colleges and Academies for Girls—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.  
Barat College & Academy of Sacred Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.

College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

Maryville College, Meramec St. & Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,

Milford, Conn.

Notre Dame of Maryland High School,

Baltimore, Md.

Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights, Mass.

Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.

Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass.

Mater Misericordiae Academy, Merion (Phila.), Pa.

St. Aloysius Academy, Villa Maria, West Chester, Pa.

#### NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET :: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Academic Department—High School Course of College Preparatory Grade, Elementary Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture. For Catalogue, address: The Secretary.

## For Santa's Pack



*A Gift for the Whole Family*

*with an*

**ETERNAL GUARANTEE**

## MARYKNOLL PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP

- The offering is \$50—payable in monthly installments if preferred.
- Ten names may be included—either living or deceased.
- The Field Afar will go to you for life.
- You and your family will receive perpetually a share in more than thirteen hundred Masses annually, besides a share also in the prayers and labors of Maryknoll missionaries.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



**f**rom the  
crib to the cross—  
three and thirty years—  
and never a thought  
wasted on  
Self!





